

## Character in Hand-Shaking.

The different modes of shaking hands will delineate human character better than any other single act can do, and many peculiarities of different persons may be noted in the performance of this social custom.

Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or any donation at all—from a man who will give two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the others bent as upon an "itching palm?"

The hand coldly held out to be shaken and drawn away again as soon as it decently may be, indicates a cold, selfish character, while the hand which seeks yours cordially, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm clasp, gives token of a warm disposition, and of a heart full of sympathy for humanity.

How much that is in the heart can be made to express itself through the agency of the fingers! Who, having once experienced it, has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the elegant pressure of the hand from a dying friend, when the tongue has ceased to speak?

A right hearty grasp of the hand indicates warmth and ardor, while soft, lax touch, without a grasp, indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large-hearted, generous minds, there is a "whole-soul" expression most refreshing and acceptable to kindred spirits.

But when a man presents you with a few cold, clammy, lifeless fingers, feeling very much like a dead fish, and expects you to do all the shaking, it will naturally make you think of the hospital and other cheerful things.

Contrary to this style there is a habit among a rule class of giving your hand a crushing grasp, which is often most painful. In these cases there may be great kindness and a "strong" affection, but it is as crude as it is hearty.

If the grasp is warm, ardent and vigorous, so is the disposition. If it is cool, formal and without emotion, so is the character. If it is magnetic and animating, the disposition is the same. As we shake hands, so we feel, so we are.

But why do we shake hands at all? It is a very old-fashioned way of indicating friendship. We read in the bible that Jehu said to Jonathan: "Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thee?" If it be, give me thine hand."

## Striking Expressions.

From the disenchantments men are constantly meeting, it might be expected that idealism would die out of the world; but fortunately for the race of mortals, fancy, no less than hope, springs eternal in the human breast, and we go on constructing unreal images as persistently as if we had not witnessed the demolition of myriads of their predecessors. Perhaps in nothing are our fancies more unlike the reality than in the feelings we imagine to arise in the minds of men in supreme moments, the words we suppose heroes to utter, the lofty sentiments we believe inspired by those crises which try men's souls. As a matter of prosaic fact, the truth probably is that these times which try men's souls find men much the same that they are upon ordinary occasions.

W. Clark Russell relates a conversation with a sailor who was wrecked on the Godwins, in which, among other things, he inquired:

"Did you encourage each other in this awful situation?"

"Well," the tar replied, "the cook at first kept singing, and we all drowned men! Lord have mercy on me!" and the like of that, until the cook took away his voice. I don't know that there was any other sort of encouragement."

"And what were your feelings," the writer inquired, hoping to elicit some striking or noble sentiment, "when the brig took the ground and the water washed over her?"

"My feelings? Why, that we was in a bloomin' mess. That was my feelings."

"How did the prospect of death affect you—I mean the idea of being swept into the black water and being strangled there?"

"Well," he said, grinning, "I'm blessed if I was ever asked such a question as that afore. Its like a meetin'-house question. I thought what a jolly fool I was to be ashore on the Godwins on a winter's night gradually dying of frost, instead of bein' in a warm bed ashore, with a parlor to take breakfast in when I woke up. That's about it, sir."

## Faded Hopes.

A young man with a broad back and a sorrowful look was standing in front of the Board of Trade recently when an acquaintance came up and called out:

"Hello! Thomas—out of a job?"

"Yes, out of a job," was the sad reply.

"No! Why you were porter for a whole house for three years past."

"Just so, but I've been discharged."

"Is that so; have trouble with the boss?"

"No, not exactly. You see I went into the house to work my way up. The first Christmas I ought to have been promoted to salesman, but I wasn't. The second Christmas I ought to have been offered a partnership for my faithful services, but the offer didn't come. This year I ought to have married the daughter of the senior partner and found a house and lot in my Christmas stocking, but that prospect has now departed."

"And you left?"

"Well, I overhauled the old man on the street car yesterday and intimated that I was ready to do my part, but he never let on that he knew me. This morning I was told that my services were no longer needed."

"But can the house run without you?"

"It may possibly squeeze along, but if there's a failure it must not be laid up against me. Do you know of any bank where a man can begin as watchman and work up to marry the president's widow? I think I'll try that business for a spell."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Under Mississippi law a woman is liable to indictment for assault if she strikes her husband; but the man is not liable for assaulting the woman if he uses a switch no larger than his little finger in doing so. It is now proposed to amend the statutes as to give the wife the same immunity that her husband enjoys.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

It takes seven days to make one week, how many weeks does it take to make one strong?

Many more Chinamen are leaving the country for China than are coming here. This is a sign of hard times.

A Burlington mother has miraculously cured her youngest hopeful of smoking by the laying on of hands.

Austin, Nev., has passed a curfew law, prohibiting boys under sixteen appearing on the streets after 8 o'clock.

"When in society never talk of yourself," is the injunction of an authority on etiquette. People in society never do—they run down other people.

Georgia furniture manufacturers predict a big movement of Western furniture men and wood-workers into the South.

An Indiana jail bird recently scraped off the back of a mirror and swallowed it. It was a very cold day for him when the mercury went down.

When a horse railroad car-driver lost his situation the other day, his little brother said: "There is no one to care-fare mother now."

Cincinnati clamors for a society for the suppression of music. Insatiable mortals! does not one suffice. Have they not the college still?

We may expect to hear our Fourth of July orators shout, next summer: "Let the hog squeal!" instead of "Let the eagle scream!"—*Norristown Herald.*

Said the man who had traveled, "I didn't mind having the delirium tremens. I saw snakes and alligators and things, but it merely seemed as though I was in Florida."

After wrestling with the subject for a long while, a New York writer concludes that there is only one thing that can effectually remove the odor of fried onions—time.

Young farmer: "Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton?" Miss Gusherton: "Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mamma."

The Indianapolis Journal says that the average citizen wants a lock with four key-holes. Unless the average citizen has improved of late one key-hole is usually about all he can find.—*New York Graphic.*

"Where is the girl of long ago?" sings Joseph Miller. We saw her the other day, Joe, but she isn't a girl any more. She had gray hair and a wart on her nose, and no teeth and wore specs.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Count Harancorn, of Vienna, now a social lion in New York: "Ach, it's too bad! I can neither marry but one American girl, and I loafs all of dem."

Like Artemus Ward's monkey, he is described as an "amoooin' little cuss."

Thompson is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hoghead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

A visionary financier who had a thousand ways to make a fortune, and not a single one to make a living, is described by a friend as "a man so sanguine that the mere getting hold of a shoe-string makes him think that he is already the owner of a tannery."

"What will you think of your beautiful wife twenty or thirty years from now?—that is the question," according to Monsignor Capel. That is not a hard question, Monsignor Capel. Most likely we will think she is a much better cook than she was at first.

A man always finds out when there is a hole in the bottom of his stocking. He makes the discovery when he takes his boots off at night and puts his foot down on the hot rug or to warm. He rarely forgets to speak right out about it.

The lectures of Joseph Cook suggest a story to the San Francisco Bulletin: "Sandy, what is the state of religion in your town?" "Bad, sir, very bad. There are no Christians except Davis and myself, and I have many doubts about Davis."

"Preserve my equilibrium under all circumstances," she was heard to say in a pause of the music to the tow-headed youth who was her escort. "Do you?" he answered softly, "mother ears hers." Then the music resumed.

A roving newspaper man has made the discovery that all the women in the Isle of Jersey are pretty, many of them prettier than Mrs. Langtry, and he will build a summer resort hotel with a frontage of 1,000 feet, and a piazza with a double deck.

Customer: "Are all Smyrna rugs alike?" Storekeeper: "No, indeed; there is a great, very great difference in Smyrna rugs." Customer: "What is the principal point of difference?" Storekeeper: "Well, some Smyrna rugs are Smyrna rugs, but most Smyrna rugs are not Smyrna rugs.—*Philadelphia Call.*

How is this? In Boston they pronounce it "New-fun-land," accent on the Noof; in Michigan it is called "New-found-land," with great stress on the "found," and the natives of the island say "New-fun-land," coming out strong on the "land." We don't know how the dog calls it himself.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Mamma (a widow of considerable personal attractions)—"I want to tell you something, Tommy. You saw that gentleman talking to grandmamma in the other room. Well, he's going to be your new papa. Mamma's going to marry him." Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old papa used to lead)—"D-d-does he know it yet, mamma?"

"What is the matter, dear?" said a country minister's wife to her husband. "You look anxious and worried." "I am," he replied. "I have just heard some very bad news." "Let me share it with you," said the good woman. "Perhaps it may not be as bad as you think." "There is no hope of that." The members of the church are to give us a donation party next week."

"What has become of Miss Blank, who was such a favorite in your set?" "Her father failed a few weeks ago, and all they had was sold by the sheriff."

"P-or-thing!" "And now they have to live in a little rented house down town." "What a change! How she must grieve!" "Yes. She is so much changed that even her best friends would not recognize her. I met her on the street to-day and did not know her at all, poor thing."

The way in which the word "lady" is used now was well illustrated in a little scene which actually occurred in the vicinity of the market the other day. There had been a disturbance on the street corner, and a Hibernian nymph described it to the curious sidewalk committee as follows: "Ye're a dirty liar," says the lady as she keeps the apple-stand. With that the old drunken lady up with a brick and tuck her a lick in the head."

The absurdity of pushing children to answer foolish, although pious enough, questions, is illustrated by a story told by Professor Blackie in Edinburgh. "A little boy at a Presbyterian examination," said the Professor, "was asked, 'What is the meaning of regeneration?' 'Oh, to be born again,' he replied. 'Quite right, Tommy. You're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?' Tommy hesitated, but on being pressed for an answer, said, 'No.' 'Why, Tommy?' 'For fear I might be born a lassie!' he replied."

"Gentlemen," said the professor to his medical students assembled in clinic, "I have often pointed out to you the remarkable tendency to consumption of those who play upon wind instruments. In this case now before us we have a well-marked development of lung disease, and I was not surprised to find, on questioning the patient, that he was a member of a brass band. Now, sir," continued the professor, addressing the consumptive, "will you please tell the gentlemen what instrument you play on?" "I blays der drum," said the sick man.

## Two Beauties.

THE FAT ONE.  
This is the fate of a fat beauty:  
At 12—Plump, fat and ruddy. Weight, seventy pounds.

At 16—Pumper, fatter, exuberant and a lustrous bud. Weight, 120 pounds.

At 20—A blossom bloomed, voluptuous, exuberant. Weight, 160 pounds.

At 25—A full-blown Juno. Massive, statuesque. Approaching herculean size. Imposing. Begins to find her seats too small. Weight, when she sits down, very exuberant. Weight, 180 pounds.

At 30—Matronly. Imposing still, but the finer contour of form swallowed up slightly in adipose. Magnificent but barrel-like.

At 35—Large. Too large. Complexion brick red. Double chin. Short of breath. Weight, 200 pounds.

At 40—Gone. Remains of a once magnificent woman. Vast remains. Imposing ruins. More double chin. Walk a waddle. Said. Weight, 220 pounds.—*The Graphic.*

THE LEAN ONE.  
This is the fate of a thin beauty:  
At 12—Sickly, pale and uninteresting. Weight, forty pounds.

At 16—Delicate, slender, sprightly and graceful. Weight, eighty pounds.

At 20—A study for a painter. Lithe, sinuous, Grecian in form and mold. Weight, 100 pounds.

At 25—Queenly in form and motion, with a peachy complexion, small, delicate hands and wee little feet. Weight, 120 pounds.

At 30—Beginning to fade; veins show on hands, cheek bones just indicated. Weight, 105 pounds.

At 35—Eyes retreating; fine lines on forehead; cheeks concave; form wiry. Weight, ninety pounds.

At 40—Face hatchet shaped; nose and chin very sharp; two holes where the cheeks were; hands like claws; form all gone; a living skeleton. Weight, seventy pounds.

Moral—You buy your wedding ring and take your choice.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Mrs. Satinsky was delighted with Fogg's little compliment that her complexion was as fair as Barnum's white elephant until she read that it was not white, but of "a white ash color with pink splashes."

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Proprietor of the  
**NAPOLEON STEAM**  
**Brick and Tile Works.**

Foot of Washington Street  
**NAPOLEON, - O.**

I would respectfully inform the citizens of my city and adjoining counties that I am now prepared to furnish with:

**Building Brick, Sidewalk  
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And  
**Tile of every Desired Calibre by the 1,000**

At very  
**Low Prices**

Call at the Yard and Examine Stock and Prices.

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—IN—  
**ARKANSAS & TEXAS.**

Along the line of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, Texas & Pacific Railway and International & Great Northern Railroad, are thousands of acres of the choicest farming and grazing lands in the world, ranging in price from \$2.00 to \$3.00 and \$4.00 per acre, in a healthy country, with climate unsurpassed for salubrity and comfort. Send your address to the undersigned for a copy of statistics of crops raised in Arkansas and Texas, in 1882, and make up your mind to go and see for yourself when you learn that the crop for 1883, is 50 per cent larger than that of 1882.

To those purchasing land owned by the Company, and paying one-fourth, one-half, or all cash, a proportionate rebate is allowed for money paid for tickets or freight over the Companies line.

H. C. TOWNSEND,  
Gen'l Pass. Agent.

## Little Johnny's Natural History.

A ole cat she had two kittens; one was a nice feller, but the other it was no count, sore eyes, and one day while the ole cat was gone the rats they found her bed, and they eat the well kit up. When the ole cat she come home and see how it was, she was in a mity bad way, and she said:

"The best is always took youngest; if that little feller had been spared he wude ben the splendorst ratier which was ever see. Things is ordered with grate injustice in this world."

Mose, which is our cat, don't have no kittens, but he is pretty good at line by the stove, and when you rub him the rong way in the dark he strikes fire like he was flint. Billy he ast my father if Mose sparks was lecktricity, and my father he sed:

"I reas so, Billy, cos I've oberseed that wen you tread on his tail he is littenin!"

At a microscope exhibition in Boston lately the sting of a honey bee was thrown upon the screen, the point of which was so sharp as to be hardly distinguishable. At the time the finest of fine needles was shown, under the same power of the microscope, and the end of the needle measured five inches across.

## (Continued from last week.)

**How Watch Cases are Made.**

In many, great improvements introduced in the manufacture of the Jas. Bos' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases.

Under the old methods, each part of a silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver.

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Sent 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factory, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how Jas. Bos' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

**PAPILLON**  
**SKIN CURE**

Is a specific cure for Salt Rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Tetter, Itch, Bores, Ringworm, Pimples, Plant-Poisoning, Ringworm, Sunburn, and all diseases of the cutaneous system, by exudation and not by excoriation, whereby every particle of disease is withdrawn from the system. Inordinate itching of the skin is allayed at once by bathing the parts in the liquid.

For Piles, Wounds, Cuts, Ulcers or Bores, no remedy so prompt in soothing and healing as Papillon Skin Cure. It does not smart or burn. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

**PAPILLON**  
**CATARRH CURE**

Cures all diseases of the Nasal Organs by transfusion of injection or by spraying, in children or adults. Cleans the nasal and paranasal cavities, restores the normal condition of the mucous membrane, and relieves the patient of all suffering.

It is a specific cure for Cold in the Head—which is caused by sudden changes in the atmosphere—Snuffles, Sneezing, Watery Eyes and Pain in the Head.

Bronchial Catarrh, Acute or Chronic Catarrh, Sinusitis, etc., this remedy will permanently cure. It takes the front rank as a cure for Hay Fever, as many testimonials testify. It has been used several years successfully. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

**PAPILLON**  
**COUGH CURE**

Can be administered to infants without the slightest danger. It does not contain drugs or chemicals, but is a harmless vegetable syrup, very delicious to the taste, that relieves and positively cures.

**WHOOPING COUGH**  
Is a specific cure for Whooping Cough or Winter Cough, Bronchitis and Pulmonary Catarrh. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

**PAPILLON**  
**BLOOD CURE**

A specific cure for all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Kidneys. This medicine is absolutely pure. It is the prescription of an eminent physician, who has used it in his special practice for thirty years. For all diseases originating in impurities of the blood, as Anemia, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Female Weakness, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Biliousness, and Kidney Disease, this medicine is absolutely sure. This medicine does not contain any mineral, is absolutely vegetable, restores the blood to a healthy condition, regulating excesses and supplying deficiencies, and prevents disease. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

**PAPILLON MFG. CO., CHICAGO**  
FOR SALE BY  
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**NOTICE**

TO  
**TEACHERS**

The Board of School Examiners of Henry County, Ohio, will hold meetings for the examination of applicants for teacher's certificates as follows:

In Basement of Court House in Napoleon, Ohio, on the 1st and 3d Saturdays in March and the 1st and 3d Saturdays in April and May, the 1st Saturday in June, July and August, the 1st and 3d Saturdays in September and the 1st and 3d Saturdays in October, the 1st and 3d Saturdays in November, and the 1st Saturdays in December, January and February.

Evidence of good moral character will be required of all candidates. That evidence to be personal knowledge of the examiners concerning the applicant, or a certificate of good moral character from some reliable source.

A. H. TYLER,  
JES. SUE WELSTED, -Examiners.  
JOHN H. ROHNUNG.

Feb20-78.

## B. B. Time Tables.

**WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC RY.**  
Time Card taking effect Sunday, Nov. 18.  
GOING EAST.

No. 2—Lightning Express. 8:20 a m  
6—Through Express. 10:30 p m  
10—Local Express. 10:30 p m  
12—Ac. Freight. 10:30 p m

GOING WEST  
No. 5—Pacific Express. 1:50 a m  
1—Through Express. 12:50 p m  
3—Fast Line. 12:50 p m  
13—Local Freight. 10:30 a m  
10—Ac. Freight. 10:30 p m

No. 2 does not stop between Napoleon and Toledo.  
No. 4 does not stop between Napoleon and Toledo.

Stops at Defiance, R. & O. Junction and Antwerp between Napoleon and Ft. Wayne.  
Nos 1 and 2 run daily. Other trains daily except Sunday.

Nos 11 and 99 do not carry passengers west of Defiance. Baggage will not be checked for freight Sunday.  
Time given above is "central time" and is 24 1/2 minutes slower than sun time.

J. K. WITHERS, Agent.  
Napoleon.

**BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD**  
Time Card—in Effect March 16, 1883.  
EAST BOUND.

NAMES OF STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
Chicago	5 10 PM	8 10 AM	11 10 PM
Avilla	9 59	1 13 PM	4 14 PM
Garrettsville	10 17	1 41	4 30 PM
Ashtabula	10 23	1 47	4 36 PM
Hicksville	10 57	2 20	5 10 PM
Defiance	11 35	3 11	5 57 PM
Deshaies	12 24	4 00	6 46 PM
Fortiaria	1 10 AM	5 00	7 42 PM
Tiffin	1 33	5 23	8 07 PM
Republic	1 58	5 48	8 32 PM
Sandusky	2 20	6 10	8 54 PM
Monroeville	2 25	6 35	9 15 PM
Avilla	2 50	6 49	9 29 PM
Shelby Junction	3 11	7 05	9 45 PM
Ashtabula	3 17	7 30	10 15 PM
Mt. Vernon	3 42	8 30	11 30 AM
Ar. Newark	4 55	9 35	12 30 PM
Columbus	6 10	10 30	2 40 PM
St. Louis	8 30	1 15	4 50 PM
Cambridge	6 39	11 25	2 50 PM
Barneville	7 29	12 20 AM	3 51 PM
Bellevue	8 33	1 25	4 55 PM
Wheeling	9 00	2 00	5 30 PM
Washington	9 42	2 35 PM	6 20 AM
Philadelphia	11 12	4 35	7 30 PM
New York	3 40 AM	7 40	10 45 PM
	6 50	10 35	3 40 PM

WEST BOUND.

NAMES OF STATIONS.	No. 4	No. 6	No. 2
Av. New York	7 00 PM	12 00 PM	1 00 PM
Philadelphia	10 40	3 40 AM	4 00 PM
Baltimore	12 00	5 00	5 00 PM
Washington	2 05	10 15	10 10 PM
Wheeling	3 05 PM	11 30 PM	10 40 AM
Bellevue	4 20	12 27 PM	9 55 PM
Barneville	4 50	12 36 PM	10 29 PM
Cambridge	4 58	1 30	11 35 PM
St. Louis	5 30	2 30	12 35 PM
Columbus	6 40	3 40	1 40 PM
N. Newark	8 30	6 10	2 40 PM